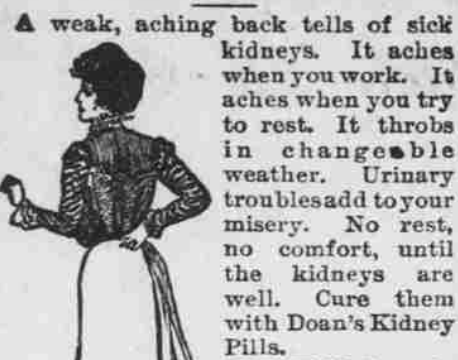


THE WEAK SPOT.



A weak, aching back tells of sick kidneys. It aches when you work. It aches when you try to rest. It throbs in changeable weather. Urinary troubles add to your misery. No rest, no comfort, until the kidneys are well. Cure them with Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. W. M. Dauscher, of 25 Water St., Bradford, Pa., says: "I had an almost continuous pain in the small of the back. My ankles, feet, hands and almost my whole body were bloated. I was languid and the kidney secretions were profuse. Physicians told me I had diabetes in its worst form, and I feared I would never recover. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me in 1896, and I have been well ever since."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Dauscher will be mailed to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all dealers, price 50 cents per box.

CUPID VEXES SCHOOL BOARD

Town of Melbourne, Iowa, Proves Good Matrimonial Market for Teachers.

Young women teachers, matrimonially inclined, may find a good market for husbands in Melbourne, a thriving little town in Marshall county (Ia.). Although it is certain that if their matrimonial inclinations are known to the directors their applications will not be considered. During the school year just ended the board of education of Melbourne has been up against the marriage proposition with a vengeance and would like, if possible, to secure about three good teachers for next year who can warrant themselves absolutely matrimonial proof.

Three teachers were employed at the beginning of last year, but before the term was more than half over, one of the teachers, Miss Grace Reed, blushing informed the directors that she was going to get married and they had better get another teacher. The new teacher had no more than been installed until another of the teachers, Miss Ethel Ogan, announced her engagement, and informed the directors there was another vacancy. Again the directors found a satisfactory substitute and then believed their troubles were over. But not so. The third of the original trio of teachers, Miss Emma Baire, handed in her resignation with the announcement that she was to become a bride. Her resignation was accepted. It is safe to say that hereafter young and particularly attractive applicants will be looked upon with suspicion by the Melbourne school board.

Husband Was Too Kind.

"Mrs. Bryning left her husband because he was too kind to her." This was the testimony given by a neighbor in the divorce proceedings at Kansas City, Mo., recently instituted by Howard Bryning against his wife. "He always agreed with me, and there never was a chance for any kind of an argument," Mrs. Bryning told the witness. "Life was too slow."

The New Sport.

Credit must be given to Admiral Fogo, of the Japanese navy, for the invention of a new sport in the shape of putting to sea in a gale and hunting and exploding floating mines. The New York Telegram remarks that venturesome souls will be glad if this change from ping-pong.

RACE DONE?

Not a Bit of It.

A man who thought his race was run made a food find that brought him back to perfect health.

"One year ago I was unable to perform any labor, in fact I was told by my physicians that they could do nothing further for me. I was fast sinking away, for an attack of grip had left my stomach so weak it could not digest any food sufficient to keep me alive.

"There I was just wasting away, growing thinner every day and weaker, really being snuffed out simply because I could not get any nourishment from food.

"Then my sister got after me to try Grape-Nuts food which had done much good for her, and she finally persuaded me, and although no other food had done me the least bit of good, my stomach handled the Grape-Nuts from the first, and this food supplied the nourishment I had needed. In three months I was so strong I moved from Albany to San Francisco and now on my three meals of Grape-Nuts and cream every day I am strong and vigorous and do fifteen hours' work.

"I believe the sickest person in the world could do as I do, eat three meals of nothing but Grape-Nuts and cream, and soon be on their feet again in the flush of best health like me.

"Not only am I in perfect physical health again, but my brain is stronger and clearer than it ever was on the old diet. I hope you will write to the names I send you about Grape-Nuts, for I want to see my friends well and strong.

"Just think that a year ago I was dying, but to-day, although I am over 55 years of age, most people take me to be less than 40, and I feel just as young as I look." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Look for the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

AUSTRALIANS EASY-GOING.

Fun Is So Hot on the Island Continent the People Are Deficient in Energy.

An isolated Englishman would always remain an Englishman if his desert island were in the north Atlantic. There is a saying, however, writes Sidney Letter, in Montreal Herald, that an Englishman drops his morals when he crosses the equator. That is pretty rough on those who live here "down under," but it need not be interpreted more literally than to hint at the influence of climate on character. There is nothing new in that theory, at least since the days of Buckle. The idea usually held, however, is that it is only a climate of rigorous cold that can breed good men. On that ground, Canadians can look to the future of their race with confidence, knowing that the virtues of energy, industry, determination and hardihood will inspire the generations yet unborn. But the fiercest and longest winter does not call forth that grim courage, patient determination and unbreakable hopefulness which alone can carry a man safely through a seven-year Australian drought.

There are, I think, few settlers in Canada who would stagger stolidly on like an Australian when he saw his sheep dying by thousands and not a blade of green or a drop of water on his holding. Even for the city man in his office it needs more resolution and concentration of mind to do a heavy day's work in a muggy atmosphere of 100 degrees than it needs to face your wildest winter storm. Yet slowly but surely, as the generations follow each other, this southern sun will wither Australian energies. You see it now in the lounging gait of those you meet on the streets. Commercial men who come to Australia all comment on the easy-going way in which business is conducted.

People out here not only do not hustle themselves, but they do not bother their heads about anyone who does. Often one has to make repeated calls on a man to settle a matter of business that might easily have been arranged in five minutes. Punctuality and dispatch, however, are not Australian qualities. No person goes to work before nine o'clock in the morning, and many business men, like the fountains in Trafalgar square and the clerks in the foreign office, play only from ten to four. It is all very well for the new chum to laugh at this, but after a year or two he may find that he, too, has lost the secret of the strenuous life.

Of course, if Australians were wise they would adapt themselves more than they do to the peculiarities of their climate. A noon siesta is just as suitable to Australia as it is to Spain or Italy or India. Far more could be accomplished in the day if business was begun early in the morning and suspended during the heat of the day. But, shackled by custom, the Australians keep not only to the old British working hours, but to plum pudding at midsummer Christmas and the conventional silk hat and frock coat for street wear. But though they may stubbornly defy the climate in these respects, they cannot resist its more subtle influence on the general character.

BALL TELLS CHICAGO TIME

Government Instrument on Masonic Temple Is Known to But Few Citizens.

He stood at Randolph and Clark streets gazing intently at the roof of the Masonic Temple. In one hand he held his watch. A passing acquaintance slapped him on the shoulder and asked if he had become a star gazer, relates the Record-Herald.

"Nope," was the reply and he returned to the stare into space.

"What are you looking for? Are you crazy?"

"Nope," again; "waiting for noon so I can set my watch."

Quite a crowd gathered around him and all curiously gazed into space. They could see nothing but they waited for developments, continuing to gaze aloft. The crowd increased until it blocked the sidewalk. Still he stood, watch in hand. More people stopped to gaze and wonder. Finally his friend said:

"Tell me what you are waiting for, people will think you are crazy."

"Well," he said, "do you see that big ball at the top of the pole on the Masonic Temple? That ball is set up there by the government. Promptly at noon, Chicago time, a man at Washington presses a key. That releases the ball and it falls, giving Chicago official government time." Before his friend could speak the ball fell into its socket. The man set his watch and walked on. As he crossed the street the crossing policeman called out:

"Say, you! Don't get around so soon to-morrow. If you collect a crowd there every day I'll get called down by the sergeant. If I do you'll be locked up for obstructing the sidewalk."

And still only a few of Chicago's thousands are aware of the fact that Washington notifies all Chicago of the noon hour by dropping a big ball on the roof of the Masonic Temple.

SHE KNEW.



"Lady, every time I become depressed I take a drink."

"Ah, I see. You try to fill the depression."—Chicago Chronicle.

ANSWERED ADVERTISEMENT

Story Told by Young Man Who Responded to Widow's Appeal in Newspaper.

"It is my firm belief," declared the man with a story at the back of his mind, says the Washington Post, "that everybody has had a similar experience only the rest of you are afraid to tell yours."

"Undoubtedly," encouraged his friends, "but let us hear yours."

"Well," the story teller went on, "it concerns the first and only time I ever answered a matrimonial advertisement. It had been inserted by a widow who desired correspondence with an eligible man not averse to matrimony. Of course, I gave a fictitious name and address when I wrote, but I received an answer promptly.

"In this the widow gave her real name, her address and her telephone number and suggested that I call her up and make an appointment to call upon her. I did so with alacrity."

"And did you really go?"

"Certainly. I went out and rang the bell, and she herself came to the door and invited me to step inside."

"Is this Mr. Spaulding?" she asked.

"No," I answered gravely. "I am Mr. Spaulding's friend. Mr. Spaulding was called out of town very unexpectedly late this afternoon and begged me to come out here and explain the situation. I will admit to you, I added, 'that I know the matter under consideration between you and him and if you will permit me, I should like very much to sit down and talk with you a few moments.'

"Delighted," she repeated, leading the way into the parlor and seating herself.

"What I can't understand," I continued, "is why a woman like yourself, young, good-looking and evidently in comfortable circumstances, should have to advertise for a husband. Surely, you know plenty of men."

"I know it must seem strange," she said. "Of course, I do know a great many men, but in my circle of acquaintances there is not one that is really a suitable match for me."

"Now, you know," said the story teller, "that that is a very plausible situation. Ask yourself if it might not happen to any one. Then, of course, she began quizzing me about Spaulding. Told her he was tall and a blond. She was pleased with that, because, she said, she was very partial to blonds."

"I am sorry about that," I said, "for I had hoped if you and Spaulding shouldn't agree you would let me call upon you."

"Well," she said, archly, "I have known brunettes whom I admired."

"Altogether, I suppose, I was there 20 minutes when I rose to go."

"Won't you tell me what your name is?" she asked.

"I can't see that that matters," answered. "Spaulding is the man you are interested in. But I am Spaulding's friend, and in case you and he fail to come to an agreement, you will hear from me. Then I made an appointment for Spaulding with her and left. And that's the end of the tale."

"Didn't you ever go back?"

"No," came the indignant answer. "I wasn't looking for a wife—it was simply a lark."

LACKING IN SOME PERSONS.

Sense of Direction Is an Instinct That Is Not Possessed by Everyone.

By this "strange sixth sense" you always know about where you are. It is to some degree a memory for back tracks and landmarks, but to a greater extent an instinct for the lay of the country, for relative bearings, by which you are able to make your way across lots back to your starting place. It is not an uncommon faculty, yet some lack it utterly. If you are one of the latter class do not venture, for you will get lost as sure as shooting, and being lost in the mountains is no joke, writes Stewart E. White, in Outlook.

Some men possess it, others do not. The distinction seems to be almost arbitrary. It can be largely developed, but only in those with whom original endowment of the faculty makes development possible. No matter how long a direction-blind man frequents the wilderness, he is never sure of himself. Nor is the lack any reflection on the intelligence. I once traveled in the Black Hills with a young fellow who himself frankly confessed that, after much experiment, he had come to the conclusion that he could not "find himself." He asked me to keep near him and this I did as well as I could, but even then three times during the course of ten days he lost himself completely in the tumultuous upheavals and canyons of that badly mixed region.

Another, an old grouse hunter, walked twice in a circle within the confines of a thick swamp about two miles square. On the other hand, many exhibit almost marvelous skill in striking a bee line for their objective point and can always tell you, even after an engrossing and wandering hunt, exactly where camp lies.

Bridges in Korea.

Some idea of the delights of traveling in Korea is given by the following description by a traveler of the "bridges" in that country: "A first-class bridge in Korea is simply an assortment of planks nailed together. These are scarce. A second-class bridge is a series of isolated stones, from one to another of which the visitor may jump. A third-class bridge, much the commonest variety—is invisible, its position being indicated by a couple of posts, one on each side of the river. They mean that you may safely wade across, as the water will probably—not go much above your chest!"—London Mail.

THE BLOODTHIRSTY MOROS

Philippine Savages, Now Under Subjection, Have Some Singular Beliefs and Customs.

From all accounts the Moros are natural born fighters. From the age of 16 their arms never leave their belts except to draw blood, and, being Mohammedans, imbued with the idea that the slaughter of Christians insures admission to Heaven, they have gone about using them freely upon those who might by any chance be considered Christians. The greater the number slain the higher, they believe, would be the slayer's seat upon the steps of the heavenly throne, says a writer in the New York Tribune.

They are not savages, however, in the sense that some people imagine them to be. Uncle Sam has among his varied assortment of peoples in the Philippines some who wear little more than a breech clout, but the sultan of the Moros does not dispense high-handed judgments seated on the sand under a fantastic umbrella, with a boiling pot for minced missionaries near at hand. As a matter of fact, it is generally understood that the real ruler of the Moros is not the young, pockmarked, heavy and characterless featured sultan, who has a name consisting of eight or ten words, but his mother, the sultana dowager. The Moros, indeed, are supposed to be supplanted of earlier tribes of the Malay race, and to be of Arabian antecedents. They have many characteristics tending to support this belief. Inter-marriage with the savage peoples of the surrounding islands has ingrafted many pagan superstitions in their religion.

The Spaniards, when they discovered the Philippines, 400 years ago, found them on the Sulu archipelago, and occupying a part of the large island of Mindanao, as well as the northern part of Borneo. They still occupy this territory, the sultanate comprising between 140 and 150 islands and islets, of which 90 are inhabited. The Spaniards called them Moros, or Moors, because of their dark skin and their religion. While claiming sovereignty over them, the Spaniards were unable to control them except while Gen. Arolas, a Spaniard of republican tendencies, was governor. The Moros found him a Tartar, and learned that it was wise to obey his mandates.

The Moros are born to warfare. Until the '60's, when a fleet of steam gunboats put an end to it, they practiced piracy on the high seas. Although restrained from this occupation, the habit of training the boys to become warriors has not ceased. From the earliest youth the boys practice with the shield, the "cam pillan," a kind of short, two-handed sword, wide at the tip, narrowing down to the hilt; the "barong," which is used for close conflict; the straight "kris" for thrusting and cutting, and the wadded serpentine "kris" for thrusting only. The Moro becomes so dexterous in the use of the "barong" that he can decapitate a man at a single stroke. At sea they use a sort of assegai, called "bagsacay," or "simblin," which is about half an inch in diameter, with a sharp point. Some can throw as many as four of these at a time, making them spread in their flight. These were used in the days of piracy for boarding vessels. They are very skillful in the manufacture of these weapons, the blades of their knives being as finely tempered and sharp as a Damascus blade. Their homes are veritable armories. Of recent years some of them have learned the use of firearms and have come into possession of supplies of them.

The Moro loathes any kind of work other than that connected with his profession as a warrior. He expects that all of his physical wants will be supplied by his wives and slaves. His valuable time is devoted to affairs of state and the care of his arms. In battle he is fearless, for his religion teaches him that death in warfare carries with it the honor of life hereafter in the Mohammedan heaven. When engaged in a fight he makes hideous grimaces to frighten his opponent, and prances and leaps to confuse the aim of his adversary and to protect himself from a blow behind or below his shield.

These Moros are described as robust, of medium height, often of superb physical development, dusky bronze in color, the possessors of piercing eyes, low foreheads and lank hair which is dressed in a sort of chignon and hangs down the neck. They are agile, and have wonderful capacity for holding their breath under water. They are of quick perception, audacious, extremely sober, rarely using intoxicating drinks; ready to promise anything and do nothing, vindictive, highly suspicious of strangers, long suffering in adversity, hesitating in attack, and the bravest of the brave in defense. Large numbers of them chew the betel nut.

Negrito Weapons.

The weapons of the Negritos are universally the bow and arrow and the short knife, or bolo. The bows are of various materials, from a clumsy strip of bamboo to the fine-grained "palma brava," which takes a beautiful polish. The arrows are of light and straight mountain cane, either with sharpened hardwood points or variously shaped and barbed-iron points. Some for larger game have detachable points fastened to the shaft by a woven fiber coil, which unwinds when the animal is struck, leaving a dangling shaft to catch on underbrush, and so retard the animal's flight.

Uncle Sam's Big Checks.

Uncle Sam has paid big bills abroad before now, but this Panama payment tops them all. Six years ago he paid Spain \$20,000,000 on account of the Philippines, but the amount was sent in four warrants of \$5,000,000 each. Previous to that the most historical warrants were \$8,000,000 issued to Russia in payment for Alaska in 1867 and \$5,500,000 paid England for awards in Halifax fishing infringements.—Boston Herald.



Miss Alice M. Smith, of Minneapolis, Minn., tells how woman's monthly suffering may be quickly and permanently relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have never before given my endorsement for any medicine, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has added so much to my life and happiness that I feel like making an exception in this case. For two years every month I would have two days of severe pain and could find no relief, but one day when visiting a friend I ran across Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,—she had used it with the best results and advised me to try it. I found that it worked wonders with me; I now experience no pain and only had to use a few bottles to bring about this wonderful change. I use it occasionally now when I am exceptionally tired or worn out."—Miss ALICE M. SMITH, 804 Third Ave., South Minneapolis, Minn., Chairman Executive Committee Minneapolis Study Club.

Beauty and strength in women vanish early in life because of monthly pain or some menstrual irregularity. Many suffer silently and see their best gifts fade away. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helps women preserve roundness of form and freshness of face because it makes their entire female organism healthy. It carries women safely through the various natural crises and is the safeguard of woman's health. The truth about this great medicine is told in the letters from women published in this paper constantly.

Mrs. C. Kleinschrodt, Morrison, Ill., says:—

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have suffered ever since I was thirteen years of age with my menses. They were irregular and very painful. I doctored a great deal but received no benefit. A friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did, and after taking a few bottles of it, I found great relief. Menstruation is now regular and without pain. I am enjoying better health than I have for sometime."

How is it possible for us to make it plainer that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will positively help all sick women? All women are constituted alike, rich and poor, high and low,—all suffer from the same organic troubles. Surely, no one can wish to remain weak and sickly, discouraged with life and without hope for the future, when proof is so unmistakable that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure monthly suffering—all womb and ovarian troubles, and all the ills peculiar to women.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Cure Colds

by keeping your bowels open. CASCARETS will do it without grip or gripe and drive the cold right out of you. Just as soon as you "feel like taking cold" take a CASCARET—there is NOTHING SO GOOD.



A sweet bit of candy medicine, purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, never grip nor gripe. A sale of over TEN MILLION boxes a year—10c, 25c, 50c—proves their great merit. Be sure you get CASCARETS, the only original, genuine Candy Cathartic.

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NO MONEY TILL CURED. 27 YEARS ESTABLISHED. We send FREE and postpaid a 252-page treatise on Piles, Hemorrhoids, and all the troubles of the Rectum; also 100-page treatise on Diseases of Women. Of the thousands cured by our mild method, none paid a cent till cured—we furnish their names on application. DR. THORNTON & MINOR, 309 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo., and 101 Oak St., Kansas City, Mo.

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